

Scene 1

(Lights up on a mostly bare apartment. a corpse lies on the floor. Kieran McCann stands over it, knife in hand. He is breathing heavily, calming himself. he sets the knife down on a table, reaches into his jacket, pulls out a package of cigarettes and lights one. His eyes never leave the body.)

KIERAN: (VO) Huh. Word travels fast, I suppose. I'd wonder who this poor bastard was, if it mattered even a little.

(Still looking at the body, Kieran goes to his telephone, picks up the receiver and dials)

KIERAN: Lieutenant Eckhart, please. Frank? Yeah, it's McCann. I want to report a break in. Yeah, my place.

(drop lights)

Scene 2

(Lights up on Kieran, sitting at his table, cleaning his sword. he finishes, scabbards it and puts it back on its stand, when the door is kicked in and a man comes through, brandishing a sword. They fight, Kieran pulls the knife and kills him, and the lights drop on the same image scene 1 opened with)

Scene 3

(a dingy office. Kieran stands before O'Connor, his sword buried in O'Connor's gut. The corpse of Alan Derry lies somewhere across stage. after a moment, Kieran pulls his sword from O'Connor and puts it away. he turns to go.)

O'CONNOR: So thats it, boy? You think that's the end of the story? You find the castle, slay the dragon, topple the evil king and save the princess, right? Thats how stories end, yeah? But you're missing one or two important parts. The princess? I sold her. Didn't get much. And the dragon, well, there's all the other knights, yeah? looking to win their spurs by slaying the dragon. Except, no more dragon. All thats left is the man who slew it. And if that's not a fitting challenge, what is?

(lights out as O'Connor dies)

Scene 4

(up on Kieran and Alan, drawn on each other, O'Connor watching from the comfort of his desk)

O'CONNOR: Sorry, boy. Better luck next time.

(Kieran and Alan fight, Alan is killed.)

O'CONNOR: Can't say I'm not impressed. Can't say that at all. Course, can't disappoint the old saying. If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself. *(turns to face Kieran on this line, having gotten his sword from the rack, only to be met with the point of Kieran's sword impaling him in the stomach. Is clearly surprised at this.)* Son of a bitch.

Scene 5

O'CONNOR: So, Mister -

KIERAN: Kieran.

O'CONNOR: Kieran. I hear you were somewhat insistent on seeing me. What can I do for you?

KIERAN: Well, Mr. O'Connor, I'm a little embarrassed to say.

O'CONNOR: Embarrassed? Kieran, you were quite determined to come directly to me and now you're embarrassed?

KIERAN: well, it's about a woman.

O'CONNOR: Ah, a woman. So many things are about them these days, don't you think?

KIERAN: Well, yes.

O'CONNOR: So, are you looking to rent, or to buy?

KIERAN: Interestingly, neither. I doubt you'd remember her. She's the daughter of a policeman. One with a gambling debt. I'd say that debt's more than been repaid in the last ten years, wouldn't you?

O'CONNOR: Ah, so, that's it then. The brave knight assualts the castle, ready to storm the barricades and rescue the princess from the clutches of the evil king. Kieran, my dear boy, I'm sure you know that theses stories always have a dragon.

(Alan steps between Kieran and O'Connor, hand on his sword.)

O'CONNOR: But what you may not know is that this dragon has slain all the brave knights to come against him. Including one named Reegan McCann.

(Kieran pulls his sword)

KIERAN: Oh, I know.

Scene 6

(Kieran in his apartment, sitting at his table, sliding a whetstone down the edge of the blade, as punctuation)

KIERAN: (VO) They said it gets easier. The force's shrinks. Survivor's guilt, they called it. Ha. Survivor's. It's not survivor's guilt that's plagued me. It's liar's. Every day I've told the lie. Every day I've lived with it. Because I wasn't ready. Ten years. Eight, since I've known it was my responsibility. But not anymore. I'm sick of lying. The truth is - I'm not ready. But I'll be damned if I wait another minute. One way or another -

This ends tonight.